# TMe LaFE BOAT: 

## 

Vor. III.
MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1854.
No. 5.

## A WARNINGTOPARENTS.

bY ARNOLD F. GORMAN.


HERE are few mon who have not, during their lives, been witnesses of scenes, the recullection of which, causes the most painful emotions; such, however, is my experience, as I call to mind the sad events I am about to relate. I would not undertake the task, but fur the hope that it will tend somewhat to open the eyes of our more wealthy citizens to the too often sad results of introducing wine to the social board. Ol course the localities and the namos are entirely changed, but the events narrated are precisely as they occurred.

## CHAPTER I.

the man of honor.
In a beautiful village pleasantly situared on the banks of the Ohio, stood the residence of Mr. McDonald, or, as he was most famliarly knawn, "" the Judge;" he having
many ycars before acquitted himself with honor and distinction on the bench of his native State. He had, during his long legal career, accumulated considerable wealth, which, together with an estate inherited from his father, enabled him to pass the remainder of his days in affuence. His house was indeed a lovely residence, the gardens surrounding it were laid out in the most exquisite taste, and the hot honses were filled with the rarest of flowers, and delicious fruits. The Judge was on the grave side of sixty-he was beloved by every one-the poor of the village were frequently provided for from his ample purse, the needy and unfortunate never applied to him in vain, and the benighted traveller ever found shelter beneath his hospitable roof. His lady was every way worthy the companionship of such a man. She was one of the most amiable women I ever saw, and even at her advanced age she retained traces of great personal beauty. Their children had all died young with the exception of a son and daughter. Ellen, the eldest, was in her twenty-fourth year, possessed of

